COFFEY

Has Returned !

The suit against the skeleton Dude has been compromised by Mr. Coffey paying all expenses of litigation, and agrange to com-

agreeing to con-tinue with the Museum until his contract ex-pires, he to be starred as the leading feature.

WITH HIM!

ON BARRAT. ON EXHIBITION

BOTH WILL

AMUSEMENTS. WORTH'S PALAGE MUSEUM

LA TOSCA A BRIDE.

Miss Fanny Davenport Becomes Mrs. Melbourne McDowell.

Actress and Leading Man Quietly Married by Rev. Dr. Eaton.

A Long Meditated Union Made Possible by Two Divorces.

The Happy Couple Begin Their Honeymoon at the St. Cloud Hotel.

Miss Fanny Davenport, the celebrated actress, has become Mrs. William Melbourne

Her marriage with the leading man of her company has been effected with the greatest secrecy, and the happy couple are now in seclusion at the St. Cloud Hotel, Broadway and Forty-second street.

Miss Davenport with Mr. McDowell arrived at the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey City at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon on the Phi'adelphia express.

There were with them a gentleman, who is a relative of Miss Davenport, and his little

a relative of Miss Davenport, and his little daughter, who were to be present at the ceremony about to be performed.

It had all been arranged beforehand that the party should go straight up to the house of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, of the Church of the Divine Paternity, who lives at 17 East Forty-sixth street, and who was ready to unite the couple in bonds of matrimony.

They wanted the ceremony performed with as little publicity as possible and every presention had been taken to keep the matter appofound secret from even the intimate friends of both bride and groom.

It has been an open secret, however, for some time in the strical circles that Miss Davenport intended to marry her leading man as soon as her dramatic senson had ended, so that the announcement of the tying of the knot was not so much of a surprise to those who were intimate friends of the parties as to the public.

In fact, ever since Miss Davenport secured a divorce from her husband, Mr. Price, a year ago, and Mr. McDowell from his wife at the same time, the intentions of both were pretty well known, and rumors that they had already been married was started

several times during the year.

Miss Davenport's season closed at Philadelphia last week and the sequel shows that she has lost no time in carrying out her plans for a re-entrance into married life.

As soon as the party arrived at the depot a carriage was in readiness and they were driven at once to Dr. Eaton's residence.

They reached there shortly after 5 o'clock, and without further delay the clergyman united them under the form peculiar to the Universaitst Church and the groom placed the ring upon the bride's finger.

the ring upon the bride's finger.

The marriage certificate was then made out and signed by the clergyman, and the witnesses, who were Mrs. Eaton, the minister's wife, and Miss. Davenport's male relative, who-e name has not yet been divulged.

The party then re-entered their carriage, and were driven to the St. Cloud Hotel, where a suite of apartments had been engaged for them.

To a reporter of The Evening World who called upon him this morning. Dr. Eston Miss Davenport and Mr. McDowell yesterday afternoon, although I see it is denied in some afternoon, although I see married."

of the papers that they were married."
"They desired to have the marriage ceremony very private, and I do not see why their wishes should not be respected. I have

no authority to make any statement regard-ing it except the fact that I performed the "I do not think that either of them will

deny that fact or have any objections to their friends or the public knowing it."

When they were married the bride was stired in a gray travelling suit and brown silk bonnet, a thick, blue veil concealing her features while she was in the street. Mr. features while she was in the street. Mr. McDowell wore a black frock coat, with a pink carnation at the lappel, and dark gray

At the St. Cloud Hotel it was said this morning that Mr. and Mrs. McDowell had engaged rooms there for no definite period, and what the plans of the actress and her new husband are could not be ascertained. It is said that she will soon start for Europe n search of new plays for her next season nd will probably spend the entire Summer

abroad.
Miss Davenport procured an absolute divorce from her husband, Edwin H. Price, to whom she was married in 1881, in July 1881, Judge Barrett signing the decree the last thing before he sailed for Europe. It was prestranged, and Mr. Price made no defense to his wife's accusation.

Mr. Melbourne McDowell, who had for some time previous been the leading man in her dramatic company, had secured a divorce

A gas iet was found turned on as the last one. All efforts to resuscitate the young man were unavailing. It is supposed to be a case of snicide, though possibly it is one of accident. The young man was a machinist by trade. He was only twenty years old and lived with his street.

The case was reported at the Twenty-seventh Precinct Station-House.

His mother was overwhelmed by grief.

from his wife several months before on the ground of infidelity, and it was expected by the friends of both the parties that they would be married very soon after Miss Davenport had secured her freedom.

They did not, however, fulfil the anticipations of their friends, and every rumor that they were even engaged to be married was strenuously denied by each.

CRUEL MURDER IN NEWARK.

JAMES DALY SHOT TO DEATH - HIS AS-SASSIN CAPTURED.

James Daly, foreman of Harvey's steel works, died in the City Hospital, Newark, at 4.30 o'clock this morning, from the effects of three pistol-shot wounds received at the hands or Augustus Willringhaus, chief engineer of

Augustus Willringhaus, chief engineer of Simon's trunk factory, during an altercation in front of Hedner's saloon on Hawkins street.

According to Hedner's story, Willringhaus was drunk and wanted to force his way into the saloon and was refused admittance.

He made his way into the cellar from the yard in the rear and was elected by the proprietor. He then went around the side of the house uttering curses and threatening to shoot Hedner.

As he reached the sidewalk James Paly went out by the side door to remonstrate with him.

'Come back: you don't know what that man will do." shouted Mrs. Hedner.

As she spoke a shot rang out, followed by another and still a third. Paly rushed back into the house with both hands on his stomach and fell bleeding to the floor.

Great confusion at once prevailed in the house, and while Hedner rushed to the drug store Willringhaus made his escape.

The police watched Willringhaus's house and a few hours after he appeared and was at once arrested.

a few hours after he appeared and was at once arrested.

He struggled desperately to escape, however, and in the general melee threw the policemen in the mud several times. He was finally hand-cuffied and marched to the Third Precinct.

When searched a four-barrel Derringer revolver, three barrels of which were empty, was found on his person. He was too drunk, however, to give any account of himself.

At 8 o'clock this morning Willringhaus was arraigned before Justice Rodrigo and was committed to the Essex County Jail. A Coroner's intry is being impanelled to render a verdict this afternoon!

BURGLARS IN THE BANK.

THEY HAD CUT THROUGH THE IRON SHUT-TERS WHEN DISCOVERED.

A daring attempt was made at 1 o'clock this norning to burglarize the Queeus County Savings Bank at Flushing, L. L.

Janutor Hand, who resides on the top floor of the building, was awakened suddenly by the ringing of the burglar alarm. He hurriedly dressed himself, and going down

He hurriedly dressed himself, and going downstairs found three crackamen busily engaged
working on the iron bars in the rear window.

The janitor lost no time in giving an alarm, to
which Police Captain Hance and Watchman
Valentine responded.

The cracksmen, who by this time had carefully out off one of the iron shutters, became alarmed, left their tools behind them and made a
hasty retreat towards Flushing Creek.

The Captain, janitor and watchman followed
in that direction, but failed to capture them.

The cracksmen had jumped into a row-boat
and rowed out in the bay, where they were soon
lost to the sight of their would-be capturers.

The trio returned to the bank, and about the
rear window found a full set of professional
burglartools.

They are now at the Flushing Police Head-Quarters.

Capt. Hance has secured a slight description of these fellows on which he is working a The Queens County Bank is one of the largest and oldest banks on the island.

ADMIRING THE NEW OCEAN RACER.

The Augusta Victoria the Cynosure of All Eyes at Her Dock in Hoboken. Crowds of visitors were to-day inspecting the

ew steamer, Augusta Victoria, of the Hamburg-American line, which lies in her dock at

at the foot of Newark street, Hoboken, after having made the fastest maiden trip across the Atlantic of any boat.

The trip was 6 days, 8 hours and 30 minutes, reckoning from Fastnet to Saudy Hook. This beats the first trip of the America, of the National line, by seven hours and a half, and the first trip of the City of Paris, the Queen of the Seas, by nearly eleven hours.

The Augusta Victoria was constructed at Stettin, Germany. She is of the same pattern as the famous Inman boats, the City of New York and the City of Paris, and was built for speed.

York and the City of Paris, and was built for speed.

Her engines are of the double or twin-screw detachable pattern, and she has a double keel. She has three funnels and three masts. Her length is 460 feet, her width 56 feet and her depth 38 feet. From stem to stern she is divided by a water-tight bulkhead.

She is the handsomest steamer in the transatiantic service. The rich upholstering is in delicate tints of lavender, clive green, crimson and old gold.

SUFFOCATED BY GAS.

At 5 o'clock this morning, alarmed by the odor of gas, Mrs. Schmit entered the room of her son, Frederick Schmit, and found him lying dead in bed A gas let was found turned on at the full in

FROM BOX OFFICE AND STAGE | JESTS FOR MERRY FOLKS. | THE BROOKLYNS' SAD PLIGHT

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE BUSY THE- RIB TICKLERS PUT UP IN SMALL DOSES ATRICAL WORLD.

Union Square to Open in the Fall with Helen Barry-The Lyceum "Wife" Company to Take a Brief Holiday -- Daly's and Palmer's Companies in Boston.

Contracts between J. C. Duff and Henry E. Dixey will probably be signed to-day. Both parties have already agreed upon every clause in connection with this contract, which now only needs signature. Dixey will then be placed under the management of J. C. Duff, although there is a possibility that E. E. Rice will join hands with Mr. Duff in presenting the star who will appear at the Standard Theatre some time about November in an entirely new production which, it is said, will cost at least \$15,000. The burlesque will be by William Gill and Henry E. Dixey. So "Adonis" undoubtedly saw its last city production at the Grand Opera-House Saturday night. It is a strange thing that a burlesque which ran for 600 consecutive nights, and the 500th performance of which brought a Metropolitan Opera-House reception, should fade quickly out of sight without a murmur. Dixey is very happy at the fact that he has again arranged to come to New York. In his new burlesque he will appear in a number of disguises, but he will rely for effect upon his own youthful individuality. Dixey's appearance at the Standard next season means that the London Gaiety Company, which Mr. Edwardes is to send over, will have to go somewhere else—probably to the Fifth Avenue. will cost at least \$15,000. The burlesque

Two young ladies who have enjoyed the inestimable feminine luxury of changing their minds. Miss Effie Shannon, instead of going to Boston and playing in "The Burg-lar" left for Chicago Saturday night under engagement to Manager Hamlin to create the comedy part in "The Spider's Web." Miss Munic Duprec instead of going to St. Paul and playing in the stock company goes to Boston to play in "The Burglar."

The "Featherbrain" people say they have counted the number of laughs evoked during the evening by the farce, and have found that it yielded more than "The Private Sec-

Contracts were signed Saturday night by which the entire "Jed Prouty" company will, at the close of the engagement at the Union Square Theatre, go to San Francisco to the new California Theatre, where Booth and Barrett are now playing. This company will be the first to appear at the new house at regular prices. The Irving sisters, now with the variety company recently seen at the Standard Theatre, will join "Jed Prouty" and do some Yankee specialtles.

Remnants of the first Morris-Fuller organization have returned from South America. Mr. Morris himself, who was in sdvance of the second batch that didn't go, is also back. And so South America still remains unreper-

It was rather positively stated yesterday that in spite of Neil Burgess's "County Fair" poing to the Union Square Theatre, the house will be opened in September by Miss Helen Baray for a six weeks' engagement. Miss Barry is to present a new play, which—says the same authority—is "simply great." The parts in the play are so great, in fact, that it has been impossible so far to find actors to play them. actors to play them.

The Lyceum Company after playing "The Wife" this week at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, will have two weeks'rest, the first holiday in nearly a year. Then they will take the train direct for San Francisco.

Daly's company and Mr. Palmer's Madison Square organization are both representing New York good taste in Boston.

NINETY DEGREES OF HUMIDITY. Sergt. Dunn Prophesies that It Will Be

Cooler Here To-Morrow. The weather this morning was generally muggy and wet, and Sergt. Dunn, of the Signal Service, said that it would probably rain the greater part of the day. It is rainy all along the greater part of the day. It is rainy all along the coast, from Cape Hatteras to New Eugland, and there is a heavy fog on the ocean.

Up to S.a. M. the fall of rain amounted to .36 inch, which was increased to .50 before 11 o'clock. The temperature in New York this morning was 68; humdity 90.

The heavy fog of Saturday passed off yesterday morning, but there has been more or less of a haze ever since. The weather for to-day is threatening and it will be cooler by to-morrow.

The Sheriff Took Possession. Upon the application of Horwitz & Hershfield who represent Salmon & Lumley, a New York and Paris firm, Judge Barrett to-day granted an attachment for \$20, 502 against the property of Henry Zeimer & Co.. doing business at 628 and 630 Broadway, and the Sheriff took pos-

Suicide with a Table-Knife. ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

BOSTON, May 20.—Mrs. Golde Leverson committed suicide this morning at her residence, 47 Cross street, by cutting her throat with a silver-plated table-knife. She was demented.

FOR THE PUBLIC. Art Amenities.



Splasher (in his friend Dobba's studio)congratulate you, old fellow. That is the finest canvas I have seen this year.

Dobbs (with a ghastly smile)—I hope I car make a good sale of it. Splasher—Of course you can, if you can get a boom!

(From Marner's Sasar)

An observer has noticed that the necessity for having separate exchanges for oil and stocks arises from the fact that oil and water do not mix.

The Old Saying.

(Prom Judge.)
Captain of the Yacht-1 can't say that this port is any of the best, but it may prevent the quaims of sea-sickness in this beavy sea.

Fair Passenger—Don't apologize for the wine, I pray. Any port in a storm, you know.

Room for Doubt.

A Washington paper says that a National salute will be fired at the Boston Navy-Yard on " the 17th instant, the auniversary of the on the lith instant, the anilversary of the battle of Bunker Hill." We have celebrated that anniversary several times, and nothing short of a statement from Gen. Joseph Warren himself will make us believe that it doesn't come on the 17th of June.

Matter of Degree.

"Well, my son, your final examinations will soon be on. Do you think you will get

your degree?"
"If the philosopher who said that he is wisest who has discovered his own ignorance spoke the truth, I shall get a Ph. D. and LL.D. and numerous other degrees. If he was wrong, the degree I'll get is zero." Straining a Point.

A Buffalo poet has succeeded in making vite corpus" rhyme with "chol'ra morbus." A few more efforts of this character and the "Literary Movement in Buffalo" will be ripe enough for an illustrated maga-

No Wonder He Preferred It. [From Judge.]

Wite-How do you like my new bonnet,

Husband-How much was it? Wife-Eleven dollars. Husband-Let me see: how much did the

ast one before this cost?
Wife—Seventeen-flity.
Husband—Ah! this is much handsomer.

Uncle 'Zekiel at the Centennial.



"Gee willikens! That fellow won't have a drop of water time he gets home."

CAN THEIR BURNED GRAND STAND BE REBUILT IN TIME?

'Father" Bill Dair Purchases Tourmaline for \$2,800 - Jack Hopper and Billy Dacey Marched for a Finish Fight-Kilrain Will Arrive Very Shortly-Young

tell. The announcement that the entire grand stand had been destroyed by fire caused people to wonder whether the games between the St. Louis nine and the Bridegrooms would not have to be played elsewhere. Unless the carpenter who does the work at the ball grounds can, as he claims, rebuild the stand in ten days, either the clubs will have to play without the encouragement of a grand stand full of people or some other grounds be secured.

"Father" William C. Daly is over eager to secure first-class racchoress. Last Friday, after Tourmaline, by Sensation—Ocean Queen, bred by Mrs. George L. Lordlard, won the last race at the Brooklyn track, Mr. Day bought the filly, paying \$2,800—71,200 over the price she was entered to be sold for.

The Spring games of the Stevens Institute Athletic Association occur next triday. They were to have taken place last Friday, but were postponed to admit of revision of the

At Mike Cushing's benefit to-morrow night, at femperance Hall, the wind-up will be between Cushing and Jack Hopper. This bout alone would make a trip thither well worth while.

The announcement that Hopper and Billy Dacey had really been matched in a finish fight was received with considerable surprise by the sporting public. Hepper, it was thought, would not be auxious for another taste of Dacey's prowess after the ast drubbing. But his friends claim now that he was not in good condition when he met Dacey the last time. Well, it will be a game fight, anyway. fight, anyway.

The eves of the pugilistic world are now contred on the steamer bearing hither the mighty frame of Jake Kilrain, whose arrival is looked for very shortly. Jake's modest protestations have prevailed on his admirers to forego the eclat of a reception, with tug band, banquet and blare of trumpers gen . . .

The Spring games of the New Jersey Athletic Club occur Memorial Day at the Avenue A grounds, Bergen Point. Entries close day after to morrow.

Tom Meadows, the Australian pugilist, who arrived in England last week, has issued a challenge to fight any man of his weight for

Jonathan L. Herget, better known as "Young Mitchell," who is now in Boston, expects to visit New York within a few days, lie is East merely on a pleasure tour. He is matched to fight Johnny Reagan at 147 pounds next October.

The two next important atbletic events, are the annual field meeting of the New Eng-land Intercollegiate Athletic Association at Worcester, on the 23d inst., and the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association's champion ship meeting next Saturday at the Berkeley

The plea of the Brighton Athletic Club for leaving the ranks of the N. four A's is that the Club can engage in more contests as a member of the A. A. U. This sort of thing does not tend to cement the differences between the two organizations. The only road towards harmony is along the lines laid down by Dr. White, or the Berkeley Club, namely, to unite both associations into a new Eastern league. As an entering wedge, there will be four open events at the games to be held by the Berkeley Club June 8.

Repented. [From the Jewelers' Weakly,]

A Providence young man gave the girl of his choice a handsome diamond brooch. After she had jilted him he wrote her that he regretted having ever brooched so disagreeable a subject.

From Dakota.

FLEMING BROS.
DEAR SIRS: For a long time I have suffered from the effects of indigestion and sick beadache, and on tryin your Dr. C. McLane's CRLEBRATED LIVER PILLS. found quick and satisfactory relief. A very few dose does the work, and I would not be without them. Sioux Falls, Dakota, GEO, H HARRIS.

Cure sick headache, billousness, liver complaint, dys-

pepela, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly Dr. C. McLane's Criennated Liven Pills, prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price, 25 cents. Sole by Fielding Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Proc., 20 cents. Hold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine Dg. C. McLake's Lives Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa., the market being full of instations of the name McLake, spelled differently, but of the same promunolation. Always make sure or the words. Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa., "on the wrapper. NO CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

Miss Tobin's Death Still the Theme of Various Conjectures. While the mystery surrounding the death of

Mary E. Tobin remains as deep as ever, there are grave rumors affoat in Staten Island that there are some people who, if they wanted to, could throw some light on the mysterious affair. Just what the substance of these revelations are, and who the people are who could make then cannot be ascertained, and just there the

Mitchell to Visit This City Seon.

Just what the management of the Brooklyn
Baseball Club will do to enable it to play its

Mitchell to Visit This City Seon.

The theory of suicide has taken a great hold on public opinion, though beyond the fact that on the occasion of her last meeting with Dr.

Bryan he did not greet her with any unusual warmth, no other excuse can be offered for her Bryan he did not greet her with any unusual warmth, no other excuse can be offered for her self-destruction.

Still another idea advanced, that Miss Tobin, while on her way to Snug Harbor, fell through the treatle-work and was drowned, is meeting with great hellef.

This report has gained currency from the fact that her clothing was found to be saturated with andge acid, which abounds in the water near Snug Harbor.

No satisfactory explanation can be arrived at to account for the disappearance of the chamois purse which she wore around her neck, except that it may have been removed by boatmen, who perhaps discovered the body before it floated salore.

ashore.

Dr. Loomis, who examined the inner organs of the body, is expected to testify at the inquest to-night. If You Have

CONSUMPTION | COUGHOR COLD

BRONCHITIS Threat Affection SCROFULA Wasting of Flesh

Or any Discuse where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerge Power, you can be Believed and Cured by

SCOTT'S **EMULSION** PURE COD'LIVER OIL

With Hypophosphites. PALATABLE AS MILK. Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no ex-planation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists N. Y.

The HANKS Co. Extracting, 25c.; with GAS, 50c. Sets, \$8 and \$10. Set filling, 50c. up; sold filling, \$1 un. \$20 and \$10. Set filling, 50c. up; sold filling, \$1 un. \$20 and \$10 are; \$1 un. \$20 and \$20 an

PEERLESS DYES AND BY DROUGHT

BUSINESS NOTICES. CARPET CLEANING-T. M. STEWART, 3267th ave.; send for circular; telephone call 126 21st st.

AMUSEMENTS. TH AVENUE THEATRE LAST SIX NIGHTS.

MINNIE THE RING AND THE REEPER PALLIER.

NOT WORK - Prof. Horrmans.

DALY'S THEATRE. D'ALY'S THEATRE.

AND HER

MISS ROSINA VOKES LONDON COMPANY.

OMPANY. TONY PASTOR'S NEW 14TH ST THEATRY TONY THE WIDOW BEDOTT, PASTOR'S. THE WIDOW BEDOTT, NATINEE TUESDAY & FRIDAY

H. R. JALOBS WELV THEATRE.
"THE BOY TRAMP." Malinese Mon.
MAY 27 GRAY AND STEPHENS. H. R. JACOBS' 3D AVE. THEATRE.

LOST IN NEW YORK, " Mat. Monday, wed, and Sat. KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL DARE. MATINEE TO-DAY.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 12 oth st., bet. 3d & Lex aves.
The popular melodrama,
The UNACK FLAU.
with the original senery, effects, &c., &c.
Next week—Mr. Pat hooney. Matinee Salurday. 345 AND 347 GRAND MUSEUM, 345 AND 347
GRAND ST GRAND ST A man eating live fregs, nalls, knives and lineware.
Rollator's Humsions.
Admission 10c. Sacred Sunday Concerts.

MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

The Illinois cyclone.
HILLIE MYER'S.
In a great sparring contest.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
WINDSOR THEATRE.
WHER COMMENCING MONDAY, May 20.
WILLIE EDUCINS
WILLIE EDUCINS
OF THE ATRE.
WEDNISDAY.

AND SATURDAY.

Hungarian LADY DANGERS. APT

"Haven't you any iriends?"
"Haven't you any iriends?"
"Plenty! but none I should care to call upon in this condition."
"You seem a decent sort of young fellow, and I'm always sorry to see a decent lad and a gentleman, as I know you are, come to this, I'm a periect stranger to you, and I dare my my appearance isn't calculated to inspire confidence, but I wish you'd tell me what brought you to this, I might be able to help you."

snd had mixed in good society—you could tell that in a minute by his bearing and his manner of taking.

"Well." said Ned. "if you particularly want to know what brought me to this, I'll tell you. My evil genius."

"Male or female?"

"Male: The only person of the softer sex who has any influence over me is my good gonius. My evil genius is myself!"

"Humph! Was it drink or gambling?"

"Gambling. Here's the story in a nutshell, My mother died when I was a boy. My father never cared about me. He is a selfish mad, utterly wrapped up in himself and his property. He made me an allowance which was a beggarly one, and I got into debt before I knew where I was. After I left college I got in with rather a fast set of men, and I went the pace, as all young fellows do. Then came settling day, and I couldn't settle, so I went to my faiher. He bullied me and insulted me, and we had a row. I spoke my mind, and he didn't like it, and the end of it was that I sold of what few things I had at my chambers, took a cheap lodging and tried to get a beith as a clerk. Nobody would have me, for I write a fearful hand and am generally a very useless sort of person. That was two months ago. My money gradually went, and then to pay my landlady I sold my clothes, all I could spare, and then by degrees I came down to this.

(To be Continued To-Morrow,)

down to this.

(To be Continued To-Morrow.)

And How It Was Finally Foiled After Many

"What time does also saked.
"Six o'clock, sir," replied the man who had suspected the stranger of being "millingtary," The "sir" was involuntary, but it didn't seem to sound jat all unusual to the company and response.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS, AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHTS O' LONDON," ETC.

They huddled close together for warmth, dreary silence that reigned over the desolate and crouched against the wall for shelter, but scene. the north wind found them out and vented

open their mouths more than they could help. The men had their ragged coat collars

gusts that swept round the corner and spent

For over an hour, gaunt and grim, with they would be admitted, were blue with the wretches stood and waited against the work-

came up together in the listless pauper fashion and silently took their places. But behind them walked a man who didn't shuffle, and cronching against it, looked the a-sembegan to march up and down like a sentry on

"Praps you sin't never slept in one

my experience, and has been a long one."

The man who was making his first experiment in casual life looked bard at the new speaker, and his glance was returned. Both men knew what the other casuals only guessed, that they were gentlemen; that is to say, men of superior social position and education.

The "new" casual carried his credentials not only in his face but in his general bearing. His clothes were old and weatherbeaten, but they were were old and weatherbeaten, but they were were will cut, and he had evidently once been measured for them. His hands were soft and small (no uncommon thing in casuals, as side, he managed to linger long enough to

rarity among casuals). His features, too, were refined, and at the first glance you would have said: "This is a young fellow of good birth, who has gone to the bad." How much to the bad you would have guessed by his clothes and the fact that he was waiting to be admitted to the casual ward. His age was more difficult to give than his social status. He might have been anything between twenty and thirty.

one to answer the stereotyped questions and to have their answers registered according

The two "gentlemen" found themselves

"Your name?"
"John Harwood."
"Age?"
"Forty-six."

John Harwood shrugged his shoulders and nswered: "Clerk."
"Where did you sleep last night?"

side, he managed to linger long enough to hear the " new " casual's answers.

The officer looked up and scanned the ap-plicant professionally.
"Humph!" he said, "a gentleman, I sup-

to know all about it?"
"No. Where are you going?"
"God knows. I don't, unless it's to the I can't write that," said the officer, though

That'll do. The officer pointed to the door, and Edward Darvell [assed out and was going into the opposite room without taking his gruel and bread from the tray.

"Here you"—shouted the porter in charge of the refreshments, "don't you want your snuer?"

your supper?"
"Oh, thank you," said Darvell, turning back. "I didn't know—I'm—er—not used to the ways of the establishment yet."
He took the mug of thick, steaming liquid and the hunk of bread and went into a nerrow, bare room and sat on a form with a score of other casals; and it wasn't till the grue and the bread were gone, and he felt that he could do with a steak and a pint of beer, that he remail ered he had had nothing

at the same time.

As they went along the passage Harwood whispered to him: We shall both be discharged to morrow after we've done our task.

shall get through my cakum before you ecause I'm used to it. But I'll wait outside because I'm used to it. But I'll wait outside till you come. I want to have a tack with

pointnent, Good-agai.

for him to put on. And when he got into the little hard bed in the narrow cell in which the casuals are now coufined, he felt that if he could only have had a pipe he should have been quite confortable.

But a pipe was impossible under the circumstances, so he turned over on his side and made up his mind to go to sleep.

"By Jovel" he said to himself, as he punched the bed to make it a little softer; "if it weren't so beastly low, it would be funny. Ned Darvell, son of the richest man in Cumberland, affianced husband of the prettiest girl in England, gentleman and idiot, you are going to have a jolly good night's rest in the casual ward of St. Mary's workhouse, and there'll be nothing to pay to morrow for bed or board, and if this bed isn't but together I should like to know su't both together I should like to know

what it is."

Five minutes later Ned Darvell was fast asleep, and his dreams would doubless have been pleasant had not a gnawing hunger brought on a nightmare, in which he was being hunted over a precipice by demons, while a lovely girl in white musin and a straw hat stood by and kept wringing her hands, and crying out: "Ned, dear Ned, hands, and crying out." hands, and crying out; "Ned, dear Ned, come back, come back. I love you and you alone, and no other man shall ever be my husband."

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Last work of the season Matiness Wed, and Sak.

VERNONA in her Brilliant Comedy,

JARBEAU STARLIGHT

Tuesday, May 28-Benefit to Laurent Howard.

A VERY PECULIAR PLOT.

Curious Mishaps.

It was a bitter afternoon in January, and their fury on the work house walls. the casuals who stood outside St. Mary's Workhouse, waiting for the hour at which almost expressionless faces, these poor

its wrath upon them. There were not more than a dozen outcasts in the group as yet, for it was only 4 o'clock, and there were two good hours before the little door would open and the needy and the who didn't even stroll, but who absolutely hungry ones would be allowed to enter the stepped out in a bold, independent fashion, shelter provided for them by the parish au- and who, instead of slinking up to the wail thorities.

There was very little conversation. It bled company up and down then put his wasn't the weather in which folks cared to hands in his pockets, whistled to himself and

house wall, and hardly a sound broke the As the clock struck 5 a further contingent of casuals joined the group. Three men

man; millingtary man, I should say, by his walk." The new-comer saw that he was being criticised, and thought it was a favorable oppor-tunity to be agreeable to his comrades in mis-

didn't seem to sound at all unusual to the person audressed.

"Decent sort of a place, this?" he asked.

"Not so, bad as some of 'em. You ain't tried many, I suppose, yet?"

"No. I can't say I have."

"I thought not. Well. I'll give you a tip as may be useful to you. If you slept in a casual ward in London last night, don't say so. Say you slept somewhere as is outside the meterypolerian airier, as they call it."

"Oh, why am I to say that?"

"Why, cus if you say that you slept in a casual ward last night as is inside the meterypolerian airier, they can keep you here three days before they lot you go, See?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" replied the "milling-tary" casual. "Thank you, my friend, for the hint. Fortunately I shan't have to tell a story, because I didn't sleep in a casual ward last night."

"P'raps you sin't never slept in one

"Traps you ain't never seeps in the afore?"

"Quite right—this is my first experience."

"But it won't be your last," exclaimed a tall, well-built, middle-aged man, who had taken no previous part in the conversation.

"The casual system is arranged for endurance. It keeps a man when it gets him. Once partake of the hospitality of the parish suthorities and you're their guest for life. That's my experience, and has been a long one."

The man who was making his first experiment in casual life looked hard at the new speaker, and his glance was returned. Both men knew what the other casuals only guessed, that they were gentlemen; that is to say, men of superior social position and education.

turned up about their neck and their hands throat deep into their trousers pocked. The women—there were only two, both old and gray and weather-beaten—had roiled their arms up in some mysterions way in their thin, dirty shawls, and kept their chins well down to protect their throats from the icy

status. He might have been anything between twenty and thirty.

The "old" casual was a different stamp of
man. Tall squarely built, with a fine, darkbrown beard and a mass of wavy hair that
still showed how black it had been by the
dark patches that yet remained among the
gray. His face was deeply lined, and showed
the undoubted marks of drink and dissipation. "This is a man who has lived his life,"
you would say. "He is probably not more
than forty five, but he looks sixty."

A little before 6 the door was opened by the
porter, and the casuals trooped into the yard
together, and then entered the office one by
one to answer the stereotyped questions and

in the office together.

The elder one stepped up to the officer's desk with a readiness which could only come of a perfect familiarity with the usual rou-

" Watford. "Where are you going?"
"Bisckheath."

" Age ?"
" Twenty-four."
" Trade ?"
" I have none."

was, but you can put me down what "I was, but you can put me down what you like,"
"Where did you sleep last night?"
"Pow Street Police Station."
Again the officer looked up.
"I was charged with being drunk and disorderly, and locked up all night. To-day the magistrate dismissed me. Do you want to know all should be."

'I can't write that, 'said the officer, though
he had mechanically legan to write 'The
devil," in the space assigned to "Where
going to?" 'Say somewhere else,"
'Very well; say Gravesend."
'Got any money?"

your supper?"
"Oh, thank you," said Darvell, turning

beer, that i e rememi ered he had had nothing to eat since the frugat breakfast that had been supplied to him in the prison cell.

On an opposite form to him sat the man who had given the name of John Harwood.

They were both called to take their hot bath

"All right," said Darvell, "that's an ap-

It was all new and strange to Edward Darvell, and the noveity was quite a relief. He almost found himself laughing as he got out of the casual's bath, and found a coarse check shirt and a pair of slippers waiting for him to put on. And when he got into the little hard bed in the narrow cell in which the casual are now confined be fell to the casual ward?"

"Oh, it wasn't so very awful," replied Darvell, "but I didn't care about the casual ward?"

"Where are you going to now?"

"Goodness knows, I don't."

It was long past 11 the next morning before Edward Darvell had picked the regulation amount of oakum, for it was his first attempt at that delightful occupation, and he was awkward at it, as all beginners are. But he

as a that designing occupation, and he was awkward at it, as all beginners are. But he got through the tack at last, and was not at a serry when he found himself once more a free nan, in the open air, "the world before him where to choose."

The weather, by one of those sudden freaks of the English climate, had changed suddenly from cold to warm, and the sun had even put on a good-humored smile, and the young casual actually legan to whistle as he is the workhouse gates.

He had quite forgotten the appointment made the previous evening with his new acquaintance, but he remembered it directly he has aw that gentleman, with his hands in his peckets, follows against a post at the street corner, and evidently waiting for him.

Well, my lad, "exclaimed the man who had given the name of John Harwood to the

Ned Darvell looked at his new acquaint-ance. John Harwood was a gentleman, or at any rate a man who had been well educated and had mixed in good society—you could tell that in a minute by his bearing and his